

# RUTHERFORD STAR.

Vol. II. No. 31.]

Rutherfordton, N. C., Saturday, August 29, 1868.

[Whole No. 83.]

**THE**  
**Rutherford Star.**  
Published every Saturday by  
**J. B. CARPENTER & CO.**  
(Main Street.)  
RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

## Rates of Subscription.

One Copy, 1 year, ..... \$2 00  
Each subsequent insertion, ..... 75

To those who get up clubs of five or more subscribers, one copy, gratis will be furnished.

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Rutherfordton, N. C.

## Law of Newspapers.

Postmaster are required to give notice by letter when a subscriber does not take his paper from the office, and give the reason of its not being taken. Neglecting to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment of the subscription.

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The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper and perishing from the post-office or refusing and leaving it uncollected for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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**HENDERSON ADAMS**—Auditor.

**CEDREN L. HARRIS**—Sup. Pub. Works.

**SAMUEL S. ABLETT**—Sup. Pub. Instn.

**WILLIAM M. COLEMAN**—Attor. General.

### Town Officers.

**J. M. JUSTICE**—Mayor.

**J. V. WILKINSON**—Commiss.-ners

**E. D. WOOD**—Commiss.-ners

**R. W. LOGAN**—Commiss.-ners

**J. K. DECK**—Commiss.-ners

**A. MOONEY**—Marshall.

**J. B. CARPENTER**—Clerk.

### Rutherford County Officers.

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**A. P. HOLIFIELD**—Clerk.

**J. B. CARPENTER**—Co. Clk. Superior Court.

**ELL MCARTHUR**—Treasurer.

**R. J. WILLIAMS**—Register of Deeds.

**A. J. SCODGEE**—Surgeon.

**J. M. ALLEN**—Commissioner.

**J. W. ANDREWS**—Commissioner.

**JOS. TAYLOR**—Commissioner.

**C. J. SPARKS**—Commissioner.

**H. H. HOPPER**—Commissioner.

### Polk County Officers.

**N. B. HAMPTON**—Sheriff.

**JACKSON DALTON**—Clerk.

**R. S. ADAMS**—County Clk. Superior Court.

**J. A. THOMAS**—Register of Deeds.

**J. W. HAMPTON**—Surgeon.

**J. P. RAINES**—Commissioner.

**FRANK THOMPSON**—Commissioner.

**JOHN GIBBS**—Commissioner.

**MILES PADGETT**—Commissioner.

### McDowell County Officers.

**J. J. BRADLEY**—Sheriff.

**D. W. FARMER**—Clerk.

**J. H. DUNCAN**—County Clk. Superior Court.

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**JOHN WISEMAN**—Surgeon.

**JOHN ROSS**—Commissioner.

**JAMES LEDBETTER**—Commissioner.

**J. W. MCALL**—Commissioner.

**J. J. FALKNER**—Commissioner.

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### Mail Arrangements.

Cherryville Mail—arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m.

Leaves for Cherryville the same days at 1 p. m.

Asheville Mail—arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

Leaves for Asheville, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.

Leaves Asheville, Thursdays at 7 p. m.

Leaves Asheville, Saturdays at 6 a. m.

Leaves Asheville, Mondays at 12 m.

Leaves Asheville, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m.

Leaves Asheville, Saturdays at 6 a. m.

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50,000 Copies Sold Within a Year!

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It is the best subscription book before the Christian world. Good Agents take from fifteen to twenty five names a day. The people are eager for the book.

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## Town Ordinances.

1. Be it ordained by the Commissioners of Rutherfordton, and it is hereby ordained by the authority of the same, That a tax be, and the same is hereby laid of 15 cents on each One Hundred Dollars worth of real taxable property within the limits of said Town, for the year 1868, according to the assessment of 1868.

2. Be it further ordained That all persons liable to pay tax within the corporation be required to deliver to the Town Mayor on or before the 15th day of May, 1868, a list of all real taxable property for which they may be liable.

3. Be it further ordained That all the male citizens within the corporate limits of said Town, liable by law to work on public roads, be and they are hereby required to work on the public streets and roads in the corporate limits of said Town six days in the year or for the Town fifty cents for each day they fail. Provided, That in the discretion of the Mayor such service may be rendered by substitute.

4. Be it further ordained, That the Mayor shall have power to divide the lands liable to work to streets and roads into companies, and order them to work on the streets or roads at any time or place he may deem necessary.

5. Be it further ordained, That any person who shall ride or hitch any horse, or other animal, on the side walk or the streets of the Town shall forfeit and pay a fine of One Dollar for the first and Two Dollars for each additional offence, to be collected and expended as other taxes for improvement of the Town.

6. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Twenty-Five Dollars be and is hereby levied on all retailers of Spirituous Liquors in quantities less than five gallons. From the sale of liquors by regular Physicians, strictly for medicinal purposes, shall be excepted from the operation of this ordinance.

7. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Five Dollars be laid upon all itinerant persons not residents of said county, who shall offer for sale any Goods, Wares or Merchandise within the limits of said Town.

8. Be it further ordained, That a tax of Ten Dollars be imposed for the exhibition of Equestrian and Managerial performances, and a tax of Five Dollars be imposed upon all Shows generally known as Side-Shows, Slight-of-Hand, Magic Lanterns, or other exhibitions for pay, for each day or night shown or exhibited within the corporation.

9. Be it further ordained, That a fine of One Dollar be and is hereby imposed on all persons who shall discharge fire arms of any kind within the corporation, except that portion of said incorporation lying east of the branch, and said Town.

**J. M. JUSTICE, T. M.**  
**J. B. CARPENTER, Clerk.**

## The Weekly Standard.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

ONLY \$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS.

Under the name of the people of North Carolina may be thoroughly informed as to the issues in the present campaign, we have determined to offer the Weekly Standard from this date until the Presidential Election in November for the low price of One Dollar in advance.

The Weekly Standard is one of the largest newspapers in the State, contains few or no advertisements and is filled with news from all parts of the Country. Market Reports from New York, Europe, and the South. Proceedings of the General Assembly, State Intelligence, &c.

In politics the Standard will maintain its reputation as a

## Radical Republican Journal.

And will labor earnestly and zealously for the election of Gen. U. S. Grant, to the Presidency of the United States, as the only means of fully restoring the Union of these States and guaranteeing a return of that good feeling and prosperity so much desired by all true patriots.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

We appeal to our Republican friends in North Carolina and to the lovers of Liberty, Justice and the Union to assist us in the good work of frustrating the seceder's attempt on the life of the nation inaugurated at New York on the 4th of last July. Go to work with a will. Get up Clubs in every neighborhood. Circulate the Standard among the honest masses who have heretofore been intimidated from voting the Republican ticket by threats and personal abuse. Let them be thoroughly enlightened, and the old North State will in November roll up a majority of fifty thousand for Grant, and thus in the great and glorious work of restoring peace to our whole country.

Send on your names and the names of your friends to

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A Tale of Disappointments and Distress.

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One Copy, \$2.50—Ten Copies, \$20.00.

No doubtful subscriptions wanted. The money to be paid immediately before delivery.

The editor bespeaks the co-operation of his friends throughout the State.

**BENJAMIN ROBINSON.**

Fayetteville, N. C. June 29th, 1868. [25-61]

Agent at Wilmington—T. D. MAREES, Jr.

N. C. papers to which this advertisement will be sent to receive two copies of the work.

## THE SQUARE AND COMPASS.

A Weekly Masonic and Literary Journal, published at Raleigh, N. C.

By **BEST & SYME.**

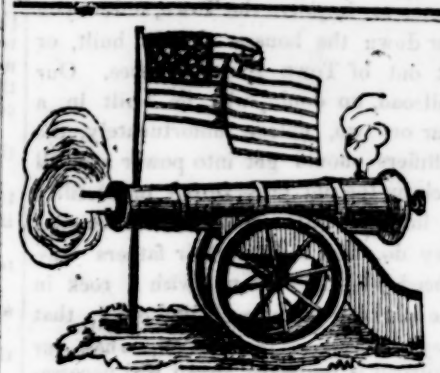
The SQUARE and COMPASS is published every Saturday at the following rates:

One copy, one year, \$1.00. 5 copies for \$1.50

10 copies \$2.50. 50 copies \$8.50. 100 copies \$15.00

All communications and letters on business should be addressed to "Square & Compass," Raleigh, N. C.

**THE**  
**RUTHERFORD STAR.**  
SATURDAY, AUG., 23.



## National Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT.

**U. S. GRANT,**

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

**SCUYLER COLFAX,**

OF INDIANA.

## POETRY.

### A PARODY.

Tell me, winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where women fret no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some "holier" in the ground,  
Where babies never yell,  
And cradles are not found?

The loud wind blew the snow into my face,  
And snickered as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some land far away,  
Where weary men can find  
A place to smoke in peace,  
Where cradles are not found,  
And hoops are out of place?

The loud winds, sounding a perpetual shout,  
Stopped for a while and spluttered, "You got it out."

And then, serene moon,  
That with such holy face,  
Doest look upon the girl's  
Who with her beauteous embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where muslin is not found  
And calico is not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "Poh!"

Tell me my secret soul—  
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From women, girls and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where babies never yell,  
Where cradles are not found,  
And hoops are out of place?

Faith, Hope and Truth—best boons to mortals given—  
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven."

## ORIGINAL STORY.

### THE RIVAL LOVERS.

BY ALPHA DE KAPPA.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SUCCESSFUL TRACHEARY.

Taking a last, lingering look at Mason Hall, Eugene Harrington hastened down to Franklin, and selected a quiet room in the Coleman House. Then, safe from intrusion, he sat down to think.

People who hurried along the busy streets of that active little town, thought that handsome young stranger, who sat by his window and smoked so composedly, must be a very contented and happy young man. But Eugene was far from being contented or happy.

He called up the past few weeks, and as one after another of those pleasant days arose before him and he compared them with his present desolation, his brow clouded and he realized fully for the first time how transitory human happiness is.

And then he re-filled his meerschaum and began to think of the future. It was dark and forbidding, but it must be done. Order must be brought out of the chaos and some plan of action determined on. So after some preliminary thinking to little purpose, he arrived at the first great point—would he give Ella up? Reason said—Yes, give her up. Return to your studies with two-fold vigor; and forget a prize beyond your reach. But his heart asserted itself and triumphed over reason; and he decided that he could not, and would not give her up.

Then by what means was he to win her?

He thought of various plans, but gave them up, one after another, as utterly impracticable. He could not, with any sense of honor, return to Mason Hall—Were he to write to Ella by mail, the letter would probably be intercepted and that would only make matters worse. But could he not persuade some one to take a letter to her—some one who would

have honor enough to deliver it to her alone? This seemed the best plan, or rather the only one; and this he determined to do. And so, deciding to write to her the next morning, he endeavored to dismiss the subject, and sat looking idly out on the stream of busy heads on the street, feeling lonely and disheartened in spite of his efforts to turn his thought upon pleasant themes.

Next morning he arose, fresh and invigorated by sleep, and after some deliberation, sat down and wrote the following note to Ella:

FRANKLIN, May 16th, 1868.

MY DEAREST ELLA:—I left Mason Hall yesterday in so confused a state of mind, that I could only say good-bye to you; and trust to some future good fortune for the opportunity of seeing you again.

By placing circumstances together, I have concluded that Dr. Mason suspects me of mercenary motives in seeking your hand. If he does, I cannot hope to win you until I can lay a fortune at your feet. Will you not meet me at the tower to-morrow, at 10 A. M. We can then decide what to do.

Yours, as ever,  
EUGENE M. HARRINGTON.

After sealing this, he sallied out into the street to find some one who would carry it safely to Mason Hall. After searching for some time for one, he could not find one, and he was obliged to take it to the tower to-morrow, at 10 A. M.

The fellow, who was amusing himself by cutting notches in the fence of an unconscious neighbor.

"My boy," Eugene asked, "have you nothing to do, to-day?"

"No sir. There is no school to-day."

The boy looked up a moment and then resumed his employment.

"Can I trust you to carry a letter to Mason Hall?"

"Away up there! It's too far," the boy answered, vigorously, commencing another notch.

"You can ride up there, and back again, in a few hours."

"Oh! if you'll get me a horse I'll go," and the boy suddenly suspended operations on the fence, eager for the ride.

"But can I trust you? This letter is on private business, and you must not let any one see it, except the one to whom it is addressed. No one else; not even her father."

"Oh yes sir," the boy answered quickly. "You may trust me to do it right. I'll not let another soul see it."

He was anxious as to be off, for he perceived with the quick eye of youth, that it was some love affair, and was delighted at the opportunity of taking a part in it. Eugene soon saw him mounted, and upon the road to Mason Hall, after giving him a dollar, and promising twice that amount if he succeeded in safely delivering the note and bringing an answer.

Then he turned and walked down the street; not to enjoy himself, as a reasonable man should under all circumstances, but to pass the day in impatient waiting for news from Ella.

When the boy had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the Hall, he met George Pelham, who had passed the preceding night at the Hall, and was riding leisurely towards home. He could not resist the temptation to reveal his highly responsible station and asked—"Is Miss Ella Mason at home?"

"Yes," said Pelham, his quick suspicious mind already on the alert. "What do you want with her?"

"Oh! it is private business."

"You have a letter for her?"

The boy looked at Pelham as if he would ask—How do you know? and answered with hesitation—"Yes."

"Let me see it?"

"No. It is private business, and I must not let anybody see it but Miss Ella."

"Ah! private is it? You can tell me who wrote it then."

The boy hesitated a moment, but not being able to discover any possible harm that would result from answering this question, replied—"I don't know who he is. He is a stranger I reckon. I have not seen him before."

"Describe him then."

The boy looked at Pelham uneasily. He wished that he had not commenced the conversation. But who would have thought of his leading to this cross-questioning? He hesitated, and then described him as an unwilling witness would in a court of law.

Pelham's eye twinkled. I have you, Mr. Eugene Harrington," he said mentally. Then to the boy—"I will give you five dollars for that letter, and will swear to you that I will never say anything about it."

The boy gave him an incredulous look and replied—"I promised to take it to Miss Ella Mason, and I must do it. The other man will give me two dollars if I take it to her and bring an answer back, and that is enough," and he drew up the reins of his horse to proceed.

"That fellow is a hard one, but I must

have the letter if I give one hundred dollars for it," thought Pelham. "Stop," he said aloud, "I will give you this," pulling out a gold Eagle, and holding it up between his fingers, "if you will let me take it to her myself. She is to be my wife, and I have a right to know what it is. Here," he continued giving him the coin, when he saw him hesitate, "give it to me and go back to my house, and wait until I come with an answer."

The boy slowly obeyed, and turned back his horse, leaving Pelham with the prize. The reward was too much for his honesty.

Ah! what will gold not perform?—How few can stand in firm and unshaken integrity before that gold seducer.

Half an hour afterwards, George Pelham was sitting in the parlor of his friend, and confederate in all sly tricks—Mrs. Laura Gaines. Not that Mrs. Laura was a woman of bad or even suspicious character; but she had her favorites of which George Pelham was one, and as she was a woman of more than ordinary intellect and tact, and was not too conscientious in the use of those talents, Pelham knew where to apply in this emergency.

John Gaines, the husband of this lady, was a man well to do in the world; but he was a weak-minded creature, and had married a woman superior to him, and feeling that she knew more than he did about everything, never called in question her acts or intentions.

So all Pelham had to do on this occasion, was to give Mrs. Laura a signal, and the coast was soon cleared of the bodily presence of Mr. John.

"I want your assistance," said Pelham, when he and his friend and confederate were left alone.

"What is it now? Been playing fast again, and paying the penalty?" And Mrs. Laura laughed.

"It is not that," said Pelham a little discomfited, and then he paused and shrugged his shoulders, then took the letter from Eugene to Ella, and laid it in her lap.

She read it calmly, only smiling a little from out those bright grayish blue eyes, and then said—"I thought you would need assistance. How did you get this?"

"I bought it from the carrier. He is waiting at my house for an answer from Ella, to whom I told him I would take it. You see I have kept my promise."

Mrs. Laura smiled graciously on the wicked young man and he continued—"I want you to write the answer. Let it be a settler for all time to come. The boy is waiting and I cannot detain him long."

Mrs. Gaines opened a drawer and after a few minute's search, found a note from Ella. This she opened and laid before her; then taking pen and paper, she wrote in Ella's delicate, school-girl hand, the following—

MASON HALL, May 16th.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Do not blame me for calling you friend, for we can be nothing but friends now. Should you succeed in improving your circumstances, I hope all difficulties will be removed. It will do no good to meet you now, and it might do much harm. I will wait for you three years. In the meantime, farewell.

Your friend, ever  
ELLA.







source, she begged and obtained permission to visit her betrothed in prison.—Knowing that his only chance of escaping the penalty the law had affixed to his

TRUCKER HALL in this City was decorated for the big Democratic Drunk by the Ladies of the Raleigh Confederate Memorial Association.—*Standard*.

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WHITE & HOWARD,  
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18



POETS CORNER,



THE BOYS IN BLUE,

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, a host of boys in blue,  
Fresh from a hundred fields of war, the battle  
scoured and true;  
Not now with plumed bayonets, and roll of  
martial drum,  
But armed with ballots for the right, in peaceful  
ranks they come.  
To shield the sturdy flag they love from traitors'  
hands anew,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the loyal boys in blue.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the loyal boys in blue,  
From Maine and from New Hampshire, and the  
Boy State ever true;  
From the Green Mountains of Vermont, and Little  
Rocky's slope,  
From the homesteads of Connecticut the hardy  
veterans pour,  
As late when flashing o'er the land, the news of  
Sumter flew,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the loyal boys in blue.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the loyal boys in blue,  
From New Jersey and from Delaware, and Mary-  
land ever true;  
And from the grand old Keystone State, man an-  
swering for true;  
With pledges for the Star Brigade, the ballot in  
the hand;  
To yield the soldiers' meed of praise to worth  
and valor due,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the loyal boys in blue.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the earnest boys in blue,  
From shop and mill, and forge and field, the  
steadfast and true;  
The heroes of the Empire State, despite her re-  
cent loss  
Who turn to shame and mockery the good that  
has been done;  
To spurn with wrath the devil's fault, the faith-  
less devil's tool,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the earnest boys in blue.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the veterans of  
the West,  
From their grand prairies and their lakes, the  
finest and the best,  
From the broad rivers, whose strong waves bear  
joyous to the sea  
The treasures of the continent, and the tribute  
of the free;  
To speak once more, in thunder tones, a people's  
high boast,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, the veterans of  
the West.

They are coming, Mr. Seymour, a host of boys in blue,  
Fresh from a hundred fields of war, the battle-  
worn and true;  
Not now with gleaming bayonets, and roll of mar-  
tial drum,  
But armed with ballots for the right, in peaceful  
ranks they come,  
To guard the sturdy flag they love from traitors'  
hands anew,  
They are coming, Mr. Seymour, a host of boys in blue.

Rhymes for the Times.  
Rock-a-by Seymour,  
On a see-saw,  
When 'lection comes  
'Twill break like a straw.  
When the votes fall,  
The people will stare,  
For down will come Seymour,  
His party and Blair.

An Affixing Tale.  
Mother Pendleton Hubbard  
Went to Tammany cupboard  
To get a political bone;  
When she got there  
She thought Seymour and Blair,  
And so poor Greenbacks got none.

So, boys! a final bumper,  
While we all in chorus chant—  
"For next President we nominate  
Our own Ulysses Grant!"  
And if asked what State he hails from,  
This our sole reply shall be,  
"From near the Appomattox Court House,  
With its famous apple tree!"  
For 'twas there that our Ulysses  
That Lee gave up the fight—  
Now, boys, "To Grant for President,  
And God defend the right!"  
Miles O'Reilly.

From the Toledo Blade.

NABBY.

A Fictitious Attempt to Ratify the Nomina-  
tion of the Candidate.  
Post Office, CONFIDENTIAL X Roads.  
(Which is in the State of Kentucky,  
July 31, 1868.)

We had last night a ratification meeting at  
the Corners which started off gloriously but  
didn't end so happily as it might. I had gone  
to a good deal of trouble about it and had  
made all arrangements for a fast and reason-  
able success.

The blessed Deacon, McPETER and Isa-  
ac Gavitt who expect respectively to hold  
the positions of Assessor, Collector and  
whiskey Inspector for this district, come  
down handsomely with the funds, enough  
to enable me to decorate the post office with  
flags and transparencies, and myself with a  
pate as ready made pants, which I modified  
considerably to make me look old so that  
they should not suspect their funds had been  
applied in that way. Human nature is a  
curious mystery. They would object did  
they know I had clothed myself with their  
money instead of vassal in on taller candles  
and such, which burn out and leave nothing  
behind.

I was economical in my expenditures, or  
rather but little expense was necessary. De-  
siring to wake the enthusiasm of the Demo-  
crats, I procured a parcel of Confederate  
battle flags, with the returned heroes had  
brother home with em, and had the tainman-  
swords "SEYMOUR and BLAIR," painted across  
em. The effect was gorgeous! As I  
approached I had the transparencies saved  
over from a celebration which had been held  
after the battle of Chickamauga lighted up.  
The enthusiasm, as the populace saw these,  
and listened to Captain McPETER, as he re-  
dem to em, wuz overpowering. How they  
cheered as the words flashed into the  
southern Rites, Southern Men, and a Southern  
Government! "Death to Northern  
Hirelings!" "Down with the gorilla LASKER!"  
"Jeff Davis and the Confederacy forever!"  
"No quarter to Federal invaders!"

What a glorious black flag, onto which  
"SEYMOUR and BLAIR" was painted in red  
letters, wuz unfurled, there arose such cheers  
for the nominees of the New York Conven-

AGRICULTURAL.



Ma, Engr.—In order that the farm-  
ers in old Rutherford may realize the  
largest possible yield of corn, and wheat  
to the acre, next year, I suggest that in-  
stead of preparing the largest amount of  
land for corn, that they prepare the  
largest amount of manure that can be from  
any and all kinds of matter.

Great heaps of manure can be made  
from all kinds of vegetable matter, weeds,  
grass, mud and settlements from the hills  
and hollows near the farm. If the farm-  
er designs to put up his compost, heap  
the best made now in use, is to build  
pens of convenient size, and commence  
piling of vegetable matter and if on hand  
put in a layer of stable manure; also a  
layer of lime or wood ashes, these heaps  
should be made all over the field which  
will be for corn next season and when  
complete there should be straw or leaves  
spread over the top, to prevent the rain  
and snow damaging the manure. This  
much being done, the land should be  
thoroughly plowed with a two horse plow,  
if clay land it should be subsoiled, after  
it has lain and rain has fallen upon it  
and it has become more or less pulver-  
ized in the air it should be bedded up and  
remain until spring. The spring opens  
and the time approaches to plant. The  
beds should be opened with a common  
size strait shovel, deep, and the manure  
put in the drill the same distance apart  
as it is intended to plant the corn, and  
when the corn is planted it should be  
just half way between the piles of ma-  
nure, this being done, the corn is covered  
with a hoe; when up or of sufficient size  
to cultivate, the first thing to be done is  
to run a large two horse harrow over it,  
with one or three of the middle teeth out,  
so as to straddle the row of corn, at the  
same time, have it hoed, and replanted,  
this will level the ground and break the  
clods and prepare the land for the plow  
the second time, when the corn must be  
plowed with a turning plow, and the bar  
side to the corn, as close as possible not  
to tear up the corn, let the middle be  
cultivated by running a small harrow  
once or twice in the middle, according to  
the width of the rows, and hoe if you  
choose. In about twelve or fifteen days,  
commence to work the third time by  
running the same plow in good fix with  
the shear to the corn, just deep enough  
and near enough to lap the dirt across  
from side to side, by this time your corn  
will have plowed and hoed your corn  
with the plow, while a part of the lands  
have harvested the wheat, this plowing  
should be by running round the corn,  
twice and once with the harrow, at this  
time you will have the best looking crop  
of corn you ever had, if seasonable by  
this time the roots of the corn will have  
run out and penetrated the manure, and  
will be taking root good. In about fif-  
teen days the same plow should be used  
the fourth time by running not very close  
to the corn, and not more than one or  
a half inches deep, great care being taken  
in regard to rubbing or chaffing the corn  
stalks with the traces, plowing the entire  
row out, this plowing should be arranged  
as near as could be to take place between  
the 10th and 20th of July, or sooner, and  
before the plowing is commenced, or im-  
mediately after, there should be sown  
broadcast, one half bushel of common  
peas to the acre, if sown after the plow-  
ing, the harrow should be used to cover  
the peas.

About the time frost is expected or  
sooner, if the corn has matured it should  
be cut and shocked, and the land sown in  
wheat, by first plowing the land with a  
two horse plow, close and  
then turn with a two horse plow, close  
and nice by plowing round the entire  
field so as to leave no middle furrow, if the  
land is level, then sow and harrow in  
close.

If this mode of farming be adopted and  
followed strictly and the lands does not  
produce on an average more and more  
every year, until with ordinary seasons  
it does not produce from forty to sixty  
bushels of corn to the acre, and wheat in  
proportion, I will, for every such failure,  
give the farmer, who tries it strictly, a  
present, of five stock hogs, male and fe-  
male.

The object in planting the corn be-  
tween the manure put in the drills is to  
prevent the corn from firing if then  
should be a drought.

The peas thus sown and turned under  
before the first frosts, will enrich the  
lands very rapidly.

HAL.

Bar soap should be cut  
into pieces of convenient size,  
and laid where it will become  
dry. It is well to keep it several  
weeks before using, as it spend  
fast when it is new.

A writer in the New En-  
gland Farmer says that he has  
tried the experiment of planting  
a tomato plant by the side of his  
fruit trees, and that in no case  
yet has borer troubled such  
trees.

PROFITS OF FARMING.

At a recent discussion at the  
New York Farmers' Club in re-  
ference to the cash money profits  
of farming, it seemed to be  
generally conceded that the busi-  
ness failed to yield seven per  
cent. on the capital invested.  
We were somewhat surprised  
that none of the debaters  
thought of giving the farm cred-  
it for the three great necessities  
of life—house-rent, table supplies  
and fuel. Viewed in this light,  
farming is the safest and best in-  
vestment that can be made of  
capital. Take, for instance,  
\$20,000: let it be judiciously in-  
vested in a moderate amount of  
land and all the stock and im-  
plements necessary to its success-  
ful cultivation. The proceeds  
from such an investment will  
support a family in a degree of  
comfort, and even luxury, that  
would cost six or seven thousand  
a year here in New York; and  
where is the safe, honorable  
mercantile or mechanical pur-  
suit that will yield six thousand  
a year on a twenty thousand dol-  
lars investment? The profits of  
farming, except in rare instances,  
will be found to diminish as we  
extend our operations beyond  
what is requisite for the com-  
fortable support of a family, and  
this may be done as well on  
three hundred as on a thousand  
acres of land: and this is a strong  
argument for the subdivision  
of the great landed estates of the  
South.—Turf, Field, and Farm.

It was stated in the American  
Agriculturist, a year or two ago,  
that twin rams generally beget  
twins, and that ewesired by  
twin animals are very prolific.  
Mr. E. H. Bidwell, of Minne-  
sota, thinks the same law is  
applicable to seed corn, and en-  
deavors to prove the correct-  
ness of his theory by the follow-  
ing statement. If it be a fact  
that Mr. B's theory is correct,  
the raising, instead of selecting,  
seed corn is a matter of no small  
importance to every farmer. We  
shall try the experiment, though  
we feel a little incredulous. Mr.  
B. says:

"A man in Tennessee gave me  
a good idea, which I think worth  
publishing. He said: 'Five  
years ago my corn yielded but  
one ear to each stalk; on an av-  
erage, although I had long prac-  
tised selecting my seed corn from  
stalks bearing two ears. It oc-  
curred to me that the ears on  
the two-earred stalks were fertil-  
ized by adjoining plants bearing  
one ear only. I therefore re-  
solved to raise my seed corn by it-  
self, before the silk appeared,  
breaking off the male flower (tas-  
sels or spindles) from those hav-  
ing but one ear. You see the  
result entire fields bearing uni-  
formly two ears to the stalk.'—  
Lorca Homestead.

How to Make Butter  
A writer in the Rural Ameri-  
can gives his method of making  
butter, and although it is in-  
tended to be packed for transpor-  
tation, it is none the less appli-  
cable for pound-butter intended  
for home marketing;

I may as well say I have been  
working in a dairy for nearly  
three score years; fifteen years  
of that time in Orange county,  
New York and twelve years in  
Wisconsin.

My mode of making butter is  
this; have pails, pan, churn, tray,  
and ladle well washed, scalded,  
and dried before using them. Set  
the milk in a temperature where  
it will get thick in from thirty  
to forty hours, then either churn  
the milk or take the cream off and  
churn it. Milk should never be  
permitted to stand until it begins  
to whey, as that will impair both  
quantity and quality. If cream  
or milk is too cold, put into the  
churn warm water; if too  
warm, put in cold water.

When the butter is properly  
gathered, put it in a tray, and  
put on cold water, and work with  
ladle moderately. Pour off the  
water and continue the process  
until the water looks quiet clear.  
Then salt with good Ashton  
salt, working it through the but-  
ter evenly, and pressing out the  
water or milk. Set it in a cool  
place let it stand twenty-four  
hours, and work again and pack.  
We milk generally from  
ten to twenty c.w.s. In the win-  
ter we make just as nice butter as  
in summer. We take two car-  
rots, wash them clean, scrape off  
the skin, grate them and pour on  
a half pint of cold water; let  
stand a few minutes, and pour

into a thin cloth, and squeeze in  
to the cream before churning.  
This is for fifteen pounds of but-  
ter.

My cows are kept in a warm  
stable, and fed about a peck of  
coarse shorts per day. I put  
sixty pounds of shorts in a tight  
box; pour on four pails of boiling  
water; let stand a short time,  
if convenient, and then add six  
pails of cold water, when I mix  
and feed. I consider this as good  
as twice the quantity fed dry.

PUTTING UP BUTTER.—An ex-  
tensive dairyman of New York  
State says: "Procure good white  
oak firkins that are perfectly  
brine tight; take out the head,  
first make a small hole, say a  
quarter of an inch in size, then  
fill it with cold water; let it  
stand twenty-four hours before  
you are ready to use it; then rub  
thoroughly while wet with fine  
salt fill your firkin as soon as pos-  
sible. Your firkin should be of  
such a size that one can be read-  
ily filled in a week or ten days  
with sweet butter to within half  
an inch of the head, then place  
over it a clean cloth, and fill the  
space with coarse salt; put in the  
head, then fill with strong brine,  
previously made with coarse salt,  
and stop it up. Butter packed in  
this way and kept in a cool  
place will be as sweet in one year  
as when first made I never  
knew it to fail."

Wool.—The history of the  
growth of wool is very curious.  
Fifty years ago, not a pound of  
fine wool was raised in the United  
States, in Great Britain, or in  
any other country, except Spain.  
In 1794 a small flock was sent  
to the State of Saxony as a present  
from the King of Spain, whence  
the entire product of Saxony  
wool now of such immense value.  
In 1809, during the invasion of  
Spain by the French some of the  
valuable crown flock were sold to  
raise money. The American  
Consul at Lisbon (Jarvis) purchas-  
ed 1,400 head, and sent them to  
this country. A portion of this  
pure unmixed Merino flock is to  
be found in Vermont at this time  
Such was the origin of the im-  
mense flock of fine wool sheep in  
the United States.—Furrier.

HEN'S NESTS.—Poultrymen  
will find it to their advantage to  
use movable nests, placed on  
squares or shelves. When a hen  
has done laying or sitting, remove  
the box, and burn it up;  
whitewash and return the nest  
to its place, clean and free from  
vermin. It is of advantage to  
have the roosts movable, you can  
then take them down whitewash  
all around, and return to their  
place.

In this connection we state that  
the best preventative of vermin  
in nests, is to make the nests is  
to make the of green pine straw  
and change several time during  
the process of incubation. We  
know this to be good.—Try it.

We are very much sur-  
prised, not withstanding all we  
have written on the subject, to  
find so many people sweating  
away at digging with a spade,  
when, in nine cases out of ten,  
the digging fork will do four  
times the work in the same time,  
with inexpressibly less labor.  
It is scarcely necessary to say  
that the people we see so barba-  
rous are not our readers, but even  
"our own people" do not seem  
to know that a four-tined fork is  
much better than a five-tined one  
—Gardner's Monthly.

KICKING COWS.—The best way  
to deal with a kicking cow is to  
drive her up into a corner, or  
what is better, tie her head firmly  
to a post; then take a strong  
cord about five feet long, double  
it in the middle, and pass it  
around the left hind leg just  
above the hock or gambrel joint,  
put the ends of the cord through  
the loop made by doubling, then  
part them and pass them around  
the other leg in opposite direc-  
tions, and tie firmly together.  
She can make but poor progress  
in kicking with both feet at  
once let her try.

MILK BREAD.—One pint of  
boiling water, one pint of new  
milk, one teaspoonful of soda,  
the same of salt, flour enough  
to form a batter dough, and bake  
immediately.

Rufus Keeler, of Rochester,  
states to the editor of the Rural  
New Yorker, that he has driven  
the bug from his grape vines by  
scattering broadcast over the fol-  
iage powdered tobacco leaves.

RUTHERFORDTON.

The Star



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